

VOL. III No. 146.

OUR CANADIAN LEADERS.

The Black Sheep of the Flock—The Shepherd's Voice—Seeking Nest and Finding None—The Day Star Rises—Thunder Cloud Christians—The Quenched Fire—In the Tolls—The Salvation Army—A City Consin and a "War Cry"—A Strange Journal—Father and Sam to the Rescue—Saved at Midnight—A Visit to the Army—Light and Liberty

"With wayward heart I went astray,
In paths of sin I wandered wide,
Till mercy met me in the way
And brought me home to God's abode."

And softly whispering to me with the object of
I am not writing this to you to admire or copy it, for on
looking back over the past I see many spots
and places which were not it that they had
been. I would have been glad to have been
lost, I would have them. Lotted from my
side altogether. Still I can rest satisfied
that I have been out of the Lamb
book of Remembrance in Heaven, and will
be remembered against me when I stand
before Him on that great day. I would
not, I would not, I would not, cannot
and never could forget, but will praise God
while He leaves me on this earth, and then
will be with me in the next world, and then
for those blessed experiences.

I feel God is leading me so I will follow
and leave the results with Him.

I was born in the year 1840 in Ontario,
Canada. I was born a Christian, a member
of the Methodist church, but I don't think
I enjoyed the blessing of Holiness until they
came to me.

I had heard the saying

A BLACK SHEEP IN EVERY FLOCK,
and had picked myself out as the black sheep
thinking nobody cared for me.

I had heard religion since ever I could re-
member, but had strange ideas about it. I
did not believe Heaven and hell were real-
ities, and looked upon God as only a sort of
big-bear to frighten bad children into being
good, but as I grew up and began to see a
little more of life something within told me
I was not all life to live. Whether was it all
Heaven or Hell. I went often to church, where
I heard a great deal about death and judg-
ment, Heaven and hell, but those things were
so solemn for me, and once outside all
I would be revelled from my mind.

I began not to look upon those things as a pally, but God was to me a just being and a angry judge, who was only waiting a chance to cut me down and send me to hell. I thought of nothing but of trying to get away from people or those who were dying, and something I would myself want some day, but it was to me a very melancholy thing. I had been told by my friends that I could be endured with all its doubts, fears, short comings, crooked steps, doing that which ought not to do so, and leaving undone that which ought to be done, and I was glad that I might be able to hear so many Christians speaking about, if I could manage to verify through them the dark vale of tears and sorrow which religion on my neck it would pay when death came along.

One night while in a revival meeting a man came to me as I sat in one of the back seats with some of my companions. He said, "My boy, Jesus loves you and wants to save you." Jesus

ON, HOW THOSE WORDS CUT.

I had heard long sermons preached on death and hell. I had heard a lot about the dark caverns of the damned—of the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, where the wicked weep and wail and gnash their teeth in misery, while the smoke of their sinning ascendeth forever and ever, but I only seemed to drive me further and further from God. I was not wiser. Everlasting friends had told me that the day of the awful judgment day, when God would come forth in His wrath and slay the wicked and appoint my portion with the unbelievers, but all this did not soften my hard heart, but this even told me Jesus loved me, and that stuck. Was it possible Jesus



me, let alone God, who I had sinned so much against.

"Yes" the man went on, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." Oh, such love I thought and before I was aware of it a large tear came rolling down my cheek. How my proud heart rose up at the thought of my companions seeing that tear, but I thank God it came, for it was a tear of repentance, and I went home determined to turn away from my bad and toward a better life.

I at once broke off many bad habits and commenced to seek for Salvation. I prayed and wept but could find no peace. I attended meetings, heard Christians tell their experiences, but my heart was not drawn out to God in His mercy.

I heard one man tell about his heart, which was so dark and gloomy, and when he found Salvation while alone one dark night as he lay in bed, he said, "I felt like a man as well if the very heavens opened to receive him."

Well I tried his prayer and I spent hours alone at night, but still I could see no light nor any opening in the sky. I tried the experience of another Christian, who had been brought to God on his heart, and when he found the Saviour the burden rolled off and he felt as if he had wings and could fly away, but all in vain, for after praying for some time, he



ADJT. CALHOUN

One night while in this state of wretchedness a dear man came to me and said, "I have been thinking of you, my boy, down on my knees, and after hearing my case plainly showed me that it was not by works or by feeling, but by simple faith that I was to be saved." I at once grasped the promise and trusted my soul to God's keeping. The joy and happiness I experienced was such that I could scarcely get to sleep, and told everybody I met of the joy which was burning within my soul, but I was not a Christian. I had not been baptized, and had a full water baptism the next day. By the next day the Christians have a case, a day, by a man whose religion was a case of twenty years standing, and as I was young in the way, he was able to advise me in the way that was best. I was not well from so much grief, but very careful was I not to let roots and ground. A few more showers from the sky, and I was well. The next day the wind blew from the north, and the professors extinguished my fire—blasted my light—and I found my heart cold.

If there is one part of my life more than another I would like to forget it is from this time until like Noah's dove, tired and weary, I flew back again to the ark and entered in through the window, which I found still open for me. Oh! the depths of sin and vice I had known nobody knows but myself and God.

for had man seen what God saw I verily believe I would be in the penitentiary to-day.
I very soon found myself surrounded by a

lot of worldly companions, who like myself were fond of sport and pleasure. Mischief was our hobby, and we never felt at ease except when we were getting or had got somebody into a scrape, which we often did. Many people in our neighborhood can testify to the fact. We were known as "The Lads," and I don't think a pack of stray wolves was ever a greater nuisance to a neighborhood than we were. At any rate I feel certain many blessed

But oh, Jess has pardoned me for all I did.

It was in December 1883, first and last, that I met her. I was on my way home from some distance from Chatham, Ont. and had come to town on some business. While walking up the street alone I met a neighbor who told me he had just been passing the house of a colored girl who was very much to be pitied. Not having any relations outside of our own family living close by, I inquired the name, appearance and dress, and this was his description as to her: "She is a tall woman, dressed very plain, wears on her head a traveling looking hood or bonnet, and is selling papers on the street," and he said, handing me a paper, "here is a sample of the kind of thing she is looking for and looking at."

Unconsciously I thought: possible, I went on my way



N, NEWFOUNDLAND.

After turning a corner my curiosity led me to stop and open the paper. The first thing caught my eyes was

While unfolding it to see where the outbreak was, an acquaintance of mine, living in town, came along and told me that this is "P. W. City," replied my friend, "that is the 'P. W. City.'" "Yes, I can see that for myself," said the man, and then he went on to explain, "There have a strange lot of people come to town—some a few weeks ago, and some a few days ago. There are, although there are only two women, they have completely upset the town. Those women are very beautiful, and they are in the market square or any place they can get, and during the day they sell their papers and visit all the men in the town. They are very beautiful and they kneed in the street, in a bar-room and pray anywhere and with anybody. A great many people are coming to town. I am a great man, I know, and some of the worst cases in the town have been converted, or saved as they call it." Following my paper man, I went to the town and saw some of the work in other places. I opened and read

one report which was headed
BLOOD AND FIRE, DEATH AND JUDGMENT.
It went on to tell about a great battle which
had been fought, in which twenty-two were
killed and one hundred wounded, and which

But," I said, "they don't kill the people, surely." "No, no," said he, "that is only their way of petting it. When a man or woman is converted they say they are killed, and those converted they called wounded."

I read many books, this was headed "Praise God we have licked the devil again." This old about some drunkards, thieves, swimmers, who had been captured from the enemy's ranks and made into sober and honest men, and also told us to look out for a snake in the devil's camp, and signed "The Malleisjah Death and Glory Girls."

Not altogether understanding it yet, I folded up my paper very carefully, put it in my pocket, and walked home with a great many strange thoughts running through my mind. For I had never seen religion brought out in this style before.

Arriving at the house, the stranger paper to take, who read it almost through to us, with only an occasional stop to laugh over someone who had "tumbled in a fountain," or some Officer who declared they had "both feet on the devil's neck," or some poor drunkard who had stopped "buying legs of mutton" for the tavern keeper's dinner, and instead of coming home and "killing nothing in the house but a hungry wife and a lot of starving children, he could have a roast of beef every day for dinner and a plum pudding for Sunday," or some woman whose, before the Army came, could scarcely speak a civil word to her husband, but could "speak as they does" even on washing days.

But the most amazing part of all was when I explained to them how I came in possession of the paper, and who was selling them on the streets. I shall never forget my mother's look as she exclaimed "is it possible?" and as she always had a remedy at hand she did not fail here. Joseph said she looked at father with a sad but sympathizing look. "You must hitch up beam in the cutter and I will go to town in the morning and bring Hannah back, and she will live with us, she shall not sell papers on the street for a living while we have a home."

Next morning, modest Sam up and spoke to her early, had the horse hitched up and started for town to bring Capt O'Leary out to live at our place. But she came back in the evening in a disappointed mood saying she could not persuade her to leave, and besides she seemed quite happy and contented to remain as she was.

Several months passed and although I had met some of the members of the Army, and had heard considerable about them, yet had never been to a meeting. It took me all my time to keep conviction away without attending all-faith services.

One Saturday I had gone some distance from home to spend the Sunday with some friends. Another young man, a stranger to me then, who perhaps would not wish his name mentioned, but will know who I am referring to should he read this, stopped at the same house, and we roomed together that night. After going to bed I noticed he knelt by the bedside just as I used to do a while before. Oh, how the past rushed upon my mind. I don't know how he knew my feelings. I guess God told him, but he asked me to be like to be a Christian. This

was like rucking a heavy mountain upon my soul, and I could not get down under it. He went on to tell me how Jesus loved me, but I felt that the love of Jesus was a heavy burden, and I seemed now to be drowning in pitch darkness. Oh, how earnestly he pleaded with me to give God my heart again, but I said, "I am so bad God would not accept me," and one sin after another came up before me till I felt the very anger of hell in my soul.

I see Jesus on the Cross as I find never
 seen Him before. He was hanging on the
 nails, and I was hanging on the nails
 with Him, while a white before had been created
 with thorns, blood was running from the
 holes which the nails and the thorns had
 made. I saw the blood flowing around and
 heard the laugh and scoff. I saw the mock-
 ing, jeering crowd going by wagging their
 heads, and heard the words, "Father, forgive them."
 I saw the soldier stand with a spear and
 thrust it into His side, which caused such
 the words of the Father to be fulfilled.
 I remembered my friend, who found
 that his words had taken effect, "Yes you
 said I will pray for you." I found that
 I was the greatest sinner on the ground
 and on earth, and said my friend was
 great a sinner for Jesus to save. — *Rev.*
William W. Phelps

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had been fought, in which twenty-two were
killed and one hundred wounded, and which

DATE: 10/10/1964

collars because a guernsey or

is every officer expected to wear S's as well as the soldiers?

If I have two dresses am I ex-

of course you are. The luxury of dresses necessitates a double quan-

Can I have a uniform like the

ette, its grand.
o! The Quintette are on special
and have a special uniform. When
are sent on a like mission you will
old what to wear. No doubt these
a uniform like our Hindoo com-
s would be a comfort to the flesh,
it is not regulation in this country.
ationists don't wear things because
like to as a rule.

MY NEW EXPERIENCE.

I have been a soldier for many years and have altogether in the Salvation Army worn, but have only worn it at meetings or in Salvation Army company. My dress clothes had nothing about them which would lead anyone to suppose I was a soldier of the Salvation Army.

"When Commissioner was in
I saw him on a car, and
asked me where my badge was (I
yet whether he said should SS, or
man), and I answered something like
:— "Basing won't allow of me
anything. I wear uniform at
Corps" and again, about ten days
an outsider took me to task for not
ring the ribbon in my business coat.
led me to reason about the matter.

Finally I decided to sew ribbon on coats and wear it always as an out-

and White Ribboners wear theirs
I don't seem ashamed, and why
ould I be ashamed of wearing mine?
besides this what a grand means of
ognition amongst our Salvation Army
ily. I prayed about it in the store and
led it with God that I was right.
I now it's on my coat, and as I go
and see amongst the thousands, my
of Salvation Army ribbon testifies

Before this I had the consciousness that I'm eaved and a Soldier.
at my life had witnessed for God, but comparatively few of the people who me daily know me, and consequen- can't know my life; now my ribbon all who see me (and know The Sal- tion Army ribbon) that I am God'a I. I'm glad I've got the victory!
Comrades, wear this ribbon at busi-

ks. No matter where it is, wear it,
and then if we meet in the street, we
can recognise one another, and thus
bind our big family closer together.

A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE.

The following report was received
 is week, one would suppose in answer
 the article "Waste Basket" in our

It will be observed that it is neither the name of the "beautiful town" nor the name of the officer who enjoys its beauties, so much so that he forgets its name and his or her

"Since coming to this beautiful town God has been with us in

... His dear name forever. Amidst every trying circumstance we can sing praise the Lord. Since taking hold God has helped us, and four souls have

men saved, three giving themselves to
God fully, and three backsliders re-
mained. To God be all the glory.
Amen."

[illegible]

The WAR CRY.

...that you more love to-day than y

only in some trifling way you
yet, however small, God says
"somewhat against thee" is
privilege to grow in the divine life
we ought to not only have as much
more love to-day than we had a
first started, even more than
this time last week, or even yet.
Oh, my precious comrades, love
weapon that is going to conquer
is the power that shall win the
for Jesus. If we are not filled
the love that comes from the
ing of God's Holy Spirit, we are
sold, going to battle without
let, useless in the fight. Let
as our hearts comrades, and use

and bright and plenty of air

and bright and plenty of sin-
 nit us keep our hearts with God
 always down at the foot of Cal-
 where the greatest, mightiest
 world ever did, or can know
 forth, and where the precious
 can keep us clean and filled with
 that keeps us free. — *Max Gail*

every one and help us to "love

KEEPING SAV

Probably all who read this line
that the Lord can save and keep
Many will remember the time

past when they felt that the L

power to save, but unhappily these do not now feel his power. They remember hearing about it of times, perhaps only last Sunday, but the reality is not theirs now, and remembrance brings a strangeness. They are not being kept. Why not?

Salvation is only possible
when they cease thinking ab-

The reason why people are

selves away from him. They look

tempest, they allow their minds to be filled with thought about danger, and so they cannot be emptied of remembrance of their Saviour, so that He has nothing wherewith to act, wherewith to help, so they do not realize His power. Men may allow the old pleasures

turn the new life is put aside, so

In a word, humility and obedience to the Lord must be maintained, or we can keep us from the snares. Let Him wash our feet, allow Him to point out where we are wrong, and we are still ignorant.

There will be some rough pla

He makes them smooth. Most mind-troubles of those who are to follow the Lord are really temptations. We must treat them as such and turn them back to hell. The devil comes when it's no good asking us to swear, so he takes up all the

Of past wickedness or present v

that he can find in our memories to fix our minds on the Lord as the Father; anything, to hide the truth that the Lord loves us, is now with us in the past that the past need never be remembered.

that our duty is to live for Him
thinking the thoughts He gives.

thinking the thoughts he gives, ing in the peace He gives. And give peace; for those who allow keep them, not asking to have in the future, but going trust know what Heaven is like before leave the life on earth, though

But we must follow Him: if

It would not in the least help him if he were to sob and moan for years because he had stolen.

more, is the repentance for him

same way, it is useless for an
person to lament, if he makes
to become pure. To acknowl-
fess and forsake our sins, is true
ance.



Composed expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 Closer Lord to Thee.

By STAFF-CAPT. BARNES, D. D.

Thou—'Tis bringing in the harvest.
'Tis the harvest of life, and God's own
than ever—'Adj. McHenry at St. Louis.
Savior draw me nearer, let my way
be clear.
All my life be spent to do Thy will
below.
Fill me with Thy power, let me feel each
hour
That I'm always coming closer Lord to
Thee.

CHORUS.

Closer Lord to Thee, closer Lord to
Thee,
Coming every hour closer Lord to
Thee;
Closer Lord to Thee, closer Lord to
Thee,
Coming every hour closer Lord to
Thee.

When the way seems lonely, this my
motto only,
Draw me blessed nearer closer Lord to
Thee;
When my friends forsake me, this will
satisfy me,
Just to know I'm coming closer Lord
to Thee.

CHORUS.

When the light is forest, Thou art
always near;
And the conflict drives me closer Lord
to Thee;
When I feel the weakest, Thou to me
art strong;
When I'm sure to conquer while I cling
to Thee.
When the light is over, and the sorrow
ends,
When I cross the River, rise Thy face
to see,
Heaven's gates will open, angels sing
to me,
Then I'll join the blood-washed choir
Lord to Thee.

2 How Can You Treat My Saviour So?

By LUTHER.

Thou—'Tis what you will you lead
the way.
Come, listen, sister, while I ask you
One question about your precious
soul,
You are careless and seldom think of
Jesus,
And the death toll for you will shortly
be told.
Daily you know your heart grows
harder,
Still you the way of sinners go,
When Jesus has suffered and died for you
How can you treat my Saviour so?

CHORUS.

Brother, sister, heed the message,
'The blood of Jesus cleanses while we
are new,
Do I hear you say you cannot now
accept Him,
'How can you treat my Saviour so?'

CHORUS.

It may be you're a slave to worldly
pleasures,
Can't get saved till the pleasure
season's over;
Sloth and think even the Lord should
spare you,
How much better will you turn than
be before,
Still there will be dissatisfaction,
And the world will be the world's delight and
glow;
Will you still cling to these and give up
nothing,
'How can you treat my Saviour so?'

CHORUS.

Do you think? Very little, just begin
now,
They say no harm in a glass or two
they may.

But you've started that which leads to
half earth's sinning,
And the misery that shocks you
every day.
You started started just as you have,
You think you can never go so low.
Will you risk it and stay away from
Jesus?
'How can you treat my Saviour so?'

Now, backslider, 'Tis to word to you, just
to you,
You're remorse and sorrow in your
heart;
You cannot enjoy the world, as once
you used to do,
And with Jesus you're now no more
a part.
Sinners around are tumbling off you,
Going with the crowd to endless woe,
Will you still stay away and know He
loves you,
'How can you treat my Saviour so?'

3 & 4 Anniversary Song.

By D. S. WILSON, W. S.

Thou—'Tis the poor old slave has come
to rest.
'Tis just one year ago today,
As all remember well,
Thou camest to us to wage
A war against sin and hell.
Without a single convert thou
Thy march along the street,
Inviting all to come and lay
Their sins at Jesus' feet.

CHORUS.

God bless the day the Army came
Our town for Christ to win;
Oh, may they fight and never run,
And gather sinners in.

To many a soul deep dyed with sin
They told the word of God,
How Christ the Lord to us then did,
On Calvary of old.
And in that precious crimson stream
That from His side did flow,
Their sins were washed away, and now
They're whiter than the snow.

Lord let Thy richest blessing rain
From henceforth ever more,
On the officers and soldiers brave,
Of this fine old army of ours,
Oh, may they go from "strength to
strength."

And keep their armor bright,
Till every one from sin is free
And living in the light.

4 "Farewell Song."

By N. C. P. MOORE, UNIVERSITY.

Thou—'Tis I am the child of a King,
Farewell my dear comrade, farewell I
my
My Saviour doth call and I must obey
My
The battle is raging, the trumpet is
loud,
The millions are dying, destruction is
nigh.

CHORUS.

I am a child of a King, once
Farewell my dear comrade I've
fought hand in hand,
Many battles we've won, many victories
gained,
But now we must part, be loyal and true
Farewell, and God bless you, adieu now
adieu.

CHORUS.

Farewell to you sinners; I oft-times
have warned
To leave sin and Satan and turn to
God,
Accept this salvation, get filled with
God's love,
Then would we most not on earth,
We'd all most adore.

CHORUS.

The world will despise me, but what do
I care,
There's victory before me, and my home's
over there;
The sinners' drink with me as I then
will sing,
Bless God for the Army, I am a child
of a King.

5 Ever Near.

By D. W. WARD, B.S. CO.

Thou—'Tis "Bealson of the blast,"
Salvation it makes us rejoice,
Oh, it's a bliss to hold Jesus so near,
His children that hear His sweet voice,
And feel that His Spirit is near.

CHORUS.

Ever near, ever near,
My gracious Redeemer so near,
Ever near, ever near, ever near,
My gracious Redeemer so near,
Oh, Father, inspire us with love, (fear,
And give us the power from above,
To help dear Redeemer be near.

Oh, take from the heart all that's wrong,
Let our path from all evil be clear,
We will praise Thee with sweet holy
songs.

CHORUS.

Precious Savior, be Thou ever near.
Now, sinners, the time is ever near,
To His offer of mercy give ear,
Take a start for the bright glory land,
Sing aloud that your Savior is near.

O, God, when our labor is o'er,
And awaiting Thy Son to appear,
From this world to our rest we shall
go.

CHORUS.

Even then, my Redeemer, be near,
Precious Savior, be Thou ever near.

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Dear Lord, I know Thine will receive,
A broken and a sin-worn life,
My body, spirit, soul, I give,
And now from sin I live.
Just now, by faith, the gift I claim,
Oh, it's a bliss to hold Jesus so near,
His children that hear His sweet voice,
And feel that His Spirit is near.

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CHORUS.

Thou—'Tis the poor old slave has come
to rest.
'Tis just one year ago today,
As all remember well,
Thou camest to us to wage
A war against sin and hell.
Without a single convert thou
Thy march along the street,
Inviting all to come and lay
Their sins at Jesus' feet.

CHORUS.

God bless the day the Army came
Our town for Christ to win;
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Dear Lord, I know Thine will receive,
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My body, spirit, soul, I give,
And now from sin I live.
Just now, by faith, the gift I claim,
Oh, it's a bliss to hold Jesus so near,
His children that hear His sweet voice,
And feel that His Spirit is near.

CHORUS.

Ever near, ever near,
My gracious Redeemer so near,
Ever near, ever near, ever near,
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Oh, Father, inspire us with love, (fear,
And give us the power from above,
To help dear Redeemer be near.

CHORUS.

Precious Savior, be Thou ever near.
Now, sinners, the time is ever near,
To His offer of mercy give ear,
Take a start for the bright glory land,
Sing aloud that your Savior is near.

O, God, when our labor is o'er,
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